

THRIFTY NEWBERRY IS STILL GROWING

Stores and Factories Are Going
Up Rapidly in That Town.

THE FIRE WAS A BLESSING

In Disguise, as It Drove the Citizens
to a Determination to Build a Better
and Bigger Town—Waterworks In-
cluded Among Other Improvements.

The thriving town of Newberry seems to have taken on a very vigorous new life since the demon, fire, swept the place a few months ago, leaving only a few straggling business houses and residences of what was a few hours before not a handsome, but a bustling burg.

But the people of Newberry are made of the proper kind of material. Those who had been engaged in mercantile and other pursuits there for several years had watched the development of the country surrounding Newberry, and who had accumulated property there, had confidence in the future of the village, and realized that it was destined to become the leading center of a vast phosphate region, where money flows as freely as water, and where everyone who has "stuck it out" prospered, from the urchin who shined shoes on the dusty street corners to the fellow who had grown wonderfully strong in the commercial world.

The fire which visited Newberry did the greater part of the town in ashes within a few hours, and at the time it was looked upon as a great calamity; but the citizens woke up, realizing that they had a task before them to build a bigger and better town—and they are succeeding very rapidly.

Before the ruins had ceased to smolder workmen were engaged in clearing away the debris, orders for building material were being hurriedly placed, and within a week after the fire workmen were engaged in laying foundations for new, substantial and handsome buildings, many of which have been completed since.

With a desire to keep up with the modern times, the town has now decided to install a small but up-to-date system of waterworks, upon which work will begin in a short time. The plant will be ample for the accommodation of the town for some time, and may be extended from time to time, as occasion requires.

Gainesville congratulates her sister town of Newberry on the thrift and energy of her people, and predicts a great and thriving city for the metropolis of the phosphate belt before many years.

How to Avoid Appendicitis.

Most victims of appendicitis are those who are habitually constipated. Orino Laxative Fruit Syrup cures chronic constipation by stimulating the liver and bowels, and restores the natural action of the bowels. Orino Laxative Fruit Syrup does not nauseate or gripe and is mild and pleasant to take. Refuse substitutes. J. W. McCollum & Co.

G. A. R. Encampment.

New York, Sept. 9.—Many veterans of the war of the rebellion arrived on Monday from points in the south and west on their way to Saratoga, where they will attend the forty-first national encampment of the Grand Army of the Republic, which will open formally Tuesday. The delegates, many of whom were accompanied by wives and daughters, spent much of the day in visiting Grant's tomb, Governor's Island and other places of special interest to old soldiers.

A Rational Treatment for Catarrh

Is one that soothes the inflamed and congested membrane and heals and cleanses without "drugging" the affected parts.

Warrant
Give quick and permanent relief from Catarrh, Colds—all affections of the membrane of the nose and throat.
We Guarantee Satisfaction.
Buy a 5-cent tube of Mucosa from
R. B. AYER

Get your money back if not satisfied. Sample tube and booklet by mail free. Write to R. B. AYER, Lowell, Mass. Greenough, Tenn.

SEVERE ECZEMA CURED IN SOUTH

Suffers Three Years—Hands and
Eye Most Affected—Employed
Doctor to No Effect—Now Entirely
Recovered and Will Recommend

CUTICURA REMEDIES IN ALL PARTS OF PARISH

"My wife was taken badly with eczema for three years, and she employed a doctor with no effect at all until she employed Cuticura Soap and Ointment. One of her hands and her left eye were badly affected, and when she would stop using Cuticura Soap and Ointment the eczema came back, but very slightly; but it did her a sight of good. Then we complied with the instructions in using the entire set of Cuticura Remedies and my wife is entirely recovered. She thanks Cuticura very much, and will recommend it highly in our locality and in every nook and corner of our parish. God bless you for the sake of suffering humanity. I. M. Robert, Hydropolis, La., Jan. 5 and Sept. 1, 1906."



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SOUTHERN MAN CURED Of a Terrible Eczema by Cuticura in Six Weeks.

"Some time ago I suffered terribly with eczema, and I had the best medical attendance, but the more medicine I took the worse it seemed to get. I kept on with medicine for about five weeks until I saw the Cuticura Remedies advertised, and I at once purchased the Cuticura Soap, Cuticura Ointment, and Cuticura Resolvent, but had not the slightest hope of them curing me. After I had used the first set of the Cuticura Remedies I saw the improvement, and in just six weeks my skin was as smooth as ever. I advise any one suffering from this terrible disease to use the Cuticura Remedies. Henry J. Steiljes, 132 Spring St., Charleston, S. C., June 12, 1906."

Complete External and Internal Treatment for Every Humor of Infants, Children, and Adults consists of Cuticura Soap (3c.) to Cleanse the Skin, Cuticura Ointment (10c.) to Heal the Itch, and Cuticura Resolvent (5c.) for the removal of the blood. Sold throughout the world. Foster Bros. & Co., Corp., Sole Mfrs., Boston, Mass. 25¢ Mailed Free, How to Cure Skin Humors.

"JUST FROM GEORGIA"

F. L. S. in Atlanta Constitution.

This Old World.

I. This old world, with all her sorrow, Same today and same tomorrow; Take it high, and take it low, Not a better world we know!

II.

When the trouble comes along, It is sweetened oft with song; Light is streamin' from the skies Through the mists that dim the eyes.

III.

Road looks dim from left to right, But it's leadin' to the light; Sorrow's shadow o'er us thrown— Best old world we've ever known!

The Hatless Brother.

"Some triffin' rascal," said the leader of the meeting, "has gone an' run off wid de hat what had de collection in it. De hat belonged ter Br'er Williams, dar, who is now standin' bar-headed befo' de Lawd. De collection wuz fer de new steeple an' me; an' now, you must git right down an' put up a petition fer me, an' fer Br'er Williams, an' fer de po', sufferin' steeple. Amen!"

Brother Dickey's Sayings.

I has seen Poverty so happy dat it got up an' danced a double-shuffle; but when it got rich it quit takin' exercise an' got de rheumatism.

Don't set down an' growl kase de worl' ain't bright enough. Ef it went ter blazin' you'd soon pull off yo' red flannels an' whistle fer de wind.

Hell is des' bout whar you locates it; but ef you'd only use de sense an' sight er yo' eyes, you could see de face er heaven in a dewdrop on a daisy.

That Settled Him.

A Billville exchange gives us this interesting and suggestive news item: "A young lady, who don't live far from this town, says:

"Bill writ me a letter and said he was gwine ter kill me kase I wouldn't marry him; but I met him in the big road and hit him 'side the head with a fence rail, and the last I hear tell

of him, he wuz slowly comin' back to his senses!"

The Mule Had Known Trouble.

"Six years old, you say?" said the prospective purchaser of the mule to the farmer.

"That's what I'm told," was the reply, "an' that's how it's registered."

"Why, the mule looks to be every day of sixty!"

"I know it," said the farmer, "but it's worry of mind has done it. The sheriff has levied on that poor critter ten times, an' the hearin' in his left ear wuz stagnated by the hollerin' of a candidate for Congress. It's only the sorrows of life that has put gray hairs in that mule's head?"

All for a Dollar.

"For one dollar," is the announcement of a literary bureau, "we will send your manuscript to ten different periodicals."

Yes, and for the requisite amount in stamps the said periodicals will return them—some of them immediately; others, after you are dead!

Love's Dwelling.

I. Love hath a flowerless cot, Enter thou, and question not; Haply there may be impeared All the light of all the world!

Even when Sorrow would destroy, Love is light, and Love is joy; Even for all the darkness given, Love makes earth a dream of heaven!

Briefs from Billville.

The Billville moonshine distilleries are all running on full time, but they are not half as full as the citizens that patronize them.

We are all preparing to have locker clubs in Billville, but unfortunately, our mother-in-law has the key to the one we have at home.

One candidate for a local office ran so fast for it that he broke a leg and his neck; nevertheless, this tragedy will not make the rest of them get out of the race.

We are still trying to feel resigned to the first of January next; and as that's the time we swear off anyhow, the prohibition law won't make much difference.

No Chance for Him.

"I should like to write you for an accident policy," said the insurance man.

"No use," replied the Billville editor. "Had one for ten years, and been in sixteen railroad wrecks, and ain't even had a leg cut off, or an arm broken! I'm the unluckiest mortal in existence!"

The seaside resort has one advantage over the inland fellows: The freight on board bills is considerably less by steamer.

The Optimist.

"When trouble comes, just whistle." "But how can a man whistle when he's howlin' like fury?"

"Well, then, let him howl in tune!"

Cheer up! Fall time is with us, and— "You'll soon hear the fiddle— See the 'possum on the griddle. And balance to your partners all!"

A Providential Affair.

"Things do happen so providential," said the Billville philosopher.

"Think so?" "I know it. They were just about to foreclose a mortgage on my house when a hurricane come along an' blowed it clean into the next county!"

A Natural Born Growler.

"Well, cotton's risin' mighty high!"

"Yes; but it won't stay there."

"An' railroad rates are gittin' cheaper."

"Yes; but you can't git a free pass any more!"

"An' it looks like the day of the poor man had come."

"Oh, yes; but the rich will run over him yet!"

"Well, let's be thankful for what we've got."

"Of course. Lord help us all!"

The New Pure Food and Drug Law.

We are pleased to announce that Foley's Honey and Tar for coughs, colds and lung troubles is not affected by the National Pure Food and Drug law as it contains no opiates or other harmful drugs, and we recommend it as a safe remedy for children and adults. J. W. McCollum & Co.

TO BE STRONG TO BE LIBERAL TO BE PROMPT

To serve its depositors well and truly, holding their interests identical with its own; to grant as generous terms as are consistent with sound banking; to welcome the small account as cordially as the large one; to be satisfied with small margins of profit in its business transactions, and to give its customers a fair measure of its success, is the policy of

THE GAINESVILLE NATIONAL BANK

"ON THE CORNER."

SERMONETTES

BY J. MARVIN NICHOLS

One declares that it is easy enough to say: "I will rise. I will get ahead. I will be somebody. I will make use of my talents." The world is crammed full of men who said that. Men who said that very thing—and never rose, never got ahead, never were anybody, and never got to where they could use even their natural ability. How many do you know who are making miserable failures in life? And the last one of these fellows apologizes by saying: "The world is against me." Don't you believe any such stuff. Those men are the world's shirkers.

There is to me a very striking thread that runs through Florence Shore's story—"Cushman Clay." I reproduce a passage that so clearly marks the boundary, that twilight boundary lying between the right and the wrong in modern life. "Suspect!" said Gloria, wonderingly. "But what is there to suspect? You talk as though we had done something wrong—you and I. We've never broken the law, Ronnie, or done anything wrong. We just love each other—we can't help it. You can't stop the wind from blowing or the clouds from drifting, and you can't stop one heart from loving another. I'm Tom's wife—that's civilization, but I love you—that's Nature." There it is!

Can you spread mortar well? Then you have no right to waste your time sweeping streets. Have you the inspiration of a poet—could you sing a song that would chase the world-shadows? Then you have no right to waste your time spreading mortar. Can you create—could you originate something for which humanity is waiting? Then you have no right to imitate. Say—can you smile? Then what right have you to carry that gloomy, woe-begone look on your face? Say—could you lift a fellow just a little more into the glorious sunshine? If you don't, you're a coward and a brute. Don't you know that every time there is an added ability it adds another obligation?

If left for me to decide, this age needs a generation of housekeepers. Our seminaries may turn out a charming girl graced by the highest possible accomplishments. That's all right—but what men pine for is a real woman in the home. Most girls are destined to be the wife of some one in the great middle classes—the toiler. She is certain to marry a man who is not overly rich nor underly poor. No man leads his bride to the altar—and then into slavish toil. He does want to lead a woman to that altar who can adjust herself, if necessary, to mental toil. The average American man dreams of a woman who will still lavish her love when every other heart in the world despoes and who will not discard him if fate comes and dollars take the wings of the morning.

Victor Hugo says in his description of a French nun, "She had a sublime capacity for flinging herself away." Every real man is longingly and lovingly looking for the woman who has the capacity to "love much," and a sublime capacity for "flinging herself away" for that which she loves. That man may have a crude and unfortunate way to express his affec-

tions, but you may be assured in his deeper heart he will worship at her shrine. You may put a thousand miles between them and he will still turn his face toward his goddess. You may drive him into a desert of wandering because of his imperfections and his supposed unworthiness, but by day and by night he turns to come near the altar of his ideal that comes to him in his visions and his dreams.

I never grow tired catching the vision of the world's Christ on the great tender heart which a father woman from the heart of pain sees. "Let him that is without sin cast the first stone"—and those good men who had dragged her into the darkness slipped away. The force of the tolerance was in the patience of one who was made the challenge—the Christ. Pure as he was, he himself knew no stone. As the days came to the end, an over-riding shadow, I am looking toward a better future of those who dare lay one more stone on shoulders already blackened by guilt. That picture is ever before me. And, for one among the many who must suffer in silence, have learned the meaning of a love less agony. No wonder she even the shadow of his form. A man is great—he towers above above his kind to whom the world can turn as they would to a star in the time of storm.

CANTORIA

The End of the Road

Beats the

Signature of